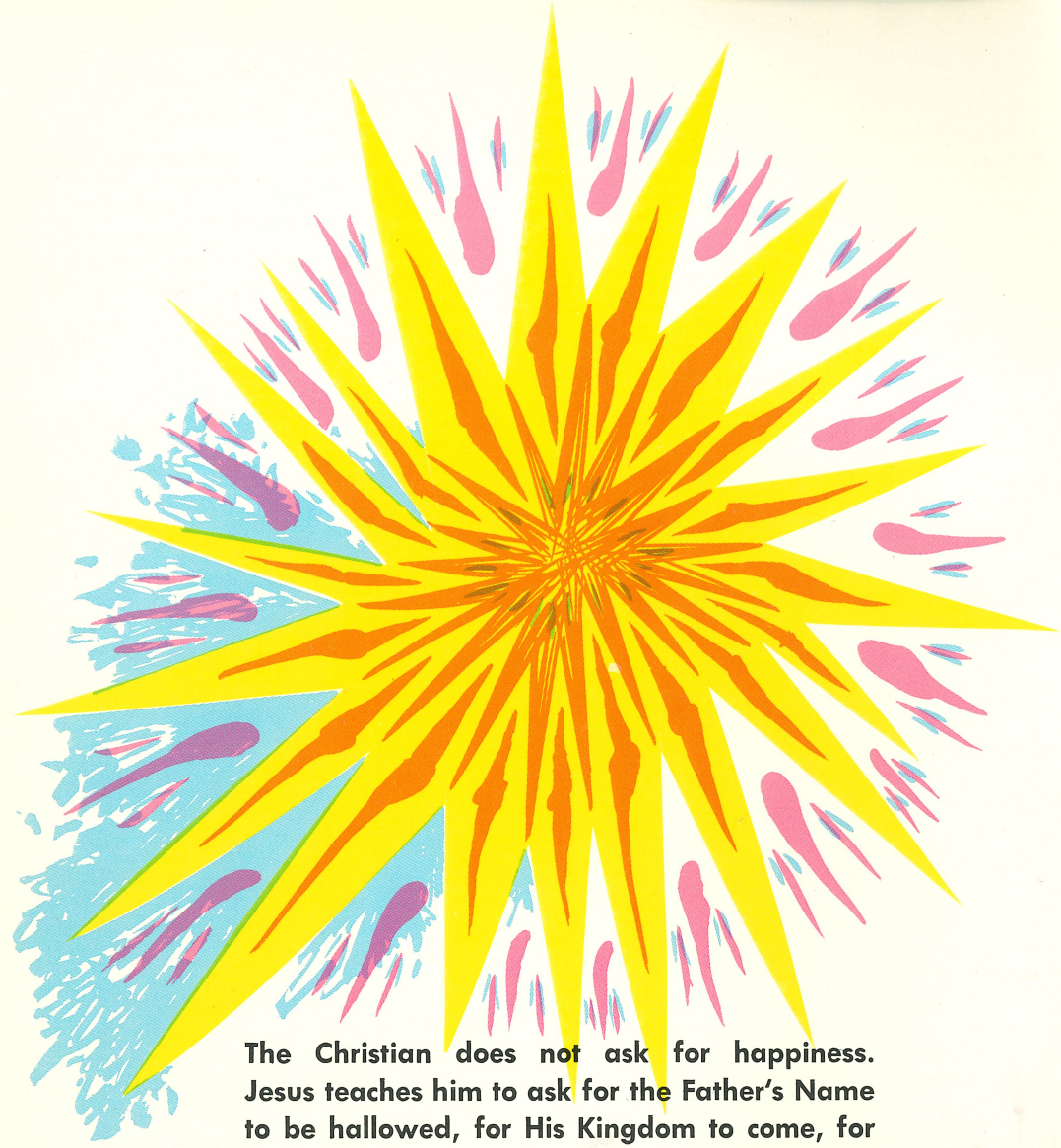
Medical Missionary

The Culture of South Vietnam—September - October, 1961



The Christian does not ask for happiness. Jesus teaches him to ask for the Father's Name to be hallowed, for His Kingdom to come, for His Will to be done.

The Christian does not expect happiness. He expects the new heavens and the new earth, 'which Justice inhabits.'

The Christian does not desire happiness. He hungers and thirsts after Justice. He is athirst for eternal life.

The Christian does not hope for happiness. He hopes to see the glory of God. When thy glory dawns, I shall be well content. (Ps. XVI)

. . . Happiness is all that and can be but that.

(Lubac, *Further Paradoxes)*

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the Medical Missionary

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The Medical Mission Sisters, founded in 1925, by Mother Anna Dengel, M.D. in Washington, D.C., are a religious congregation, dedicated to the care of the sick in the missions. The Sisters staff hospitals in India, Africa, Pakistan, S. Vietnam and South America. American Provincialate: 8400 Pine Rd., Philadelphia 11, Pa.

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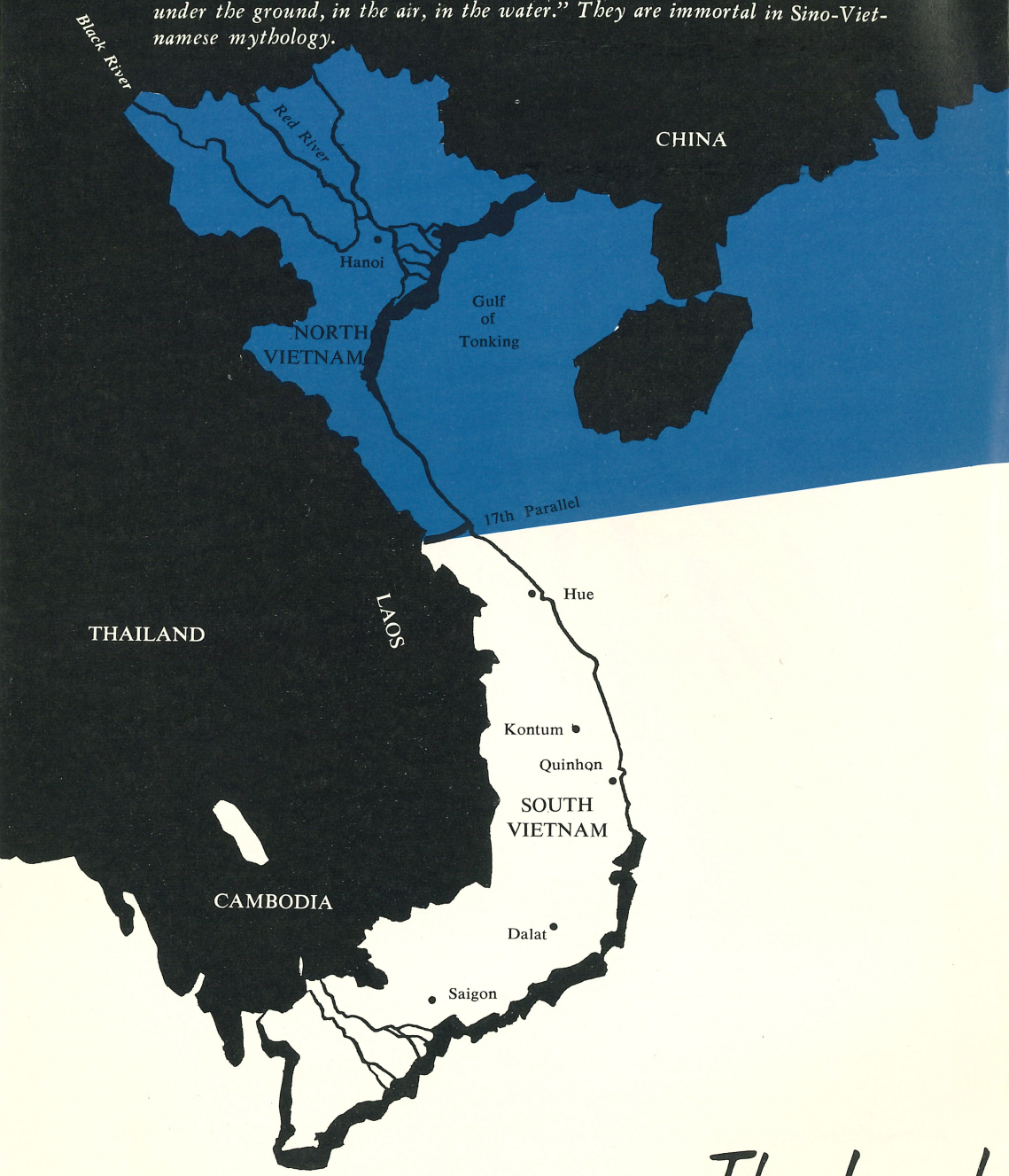
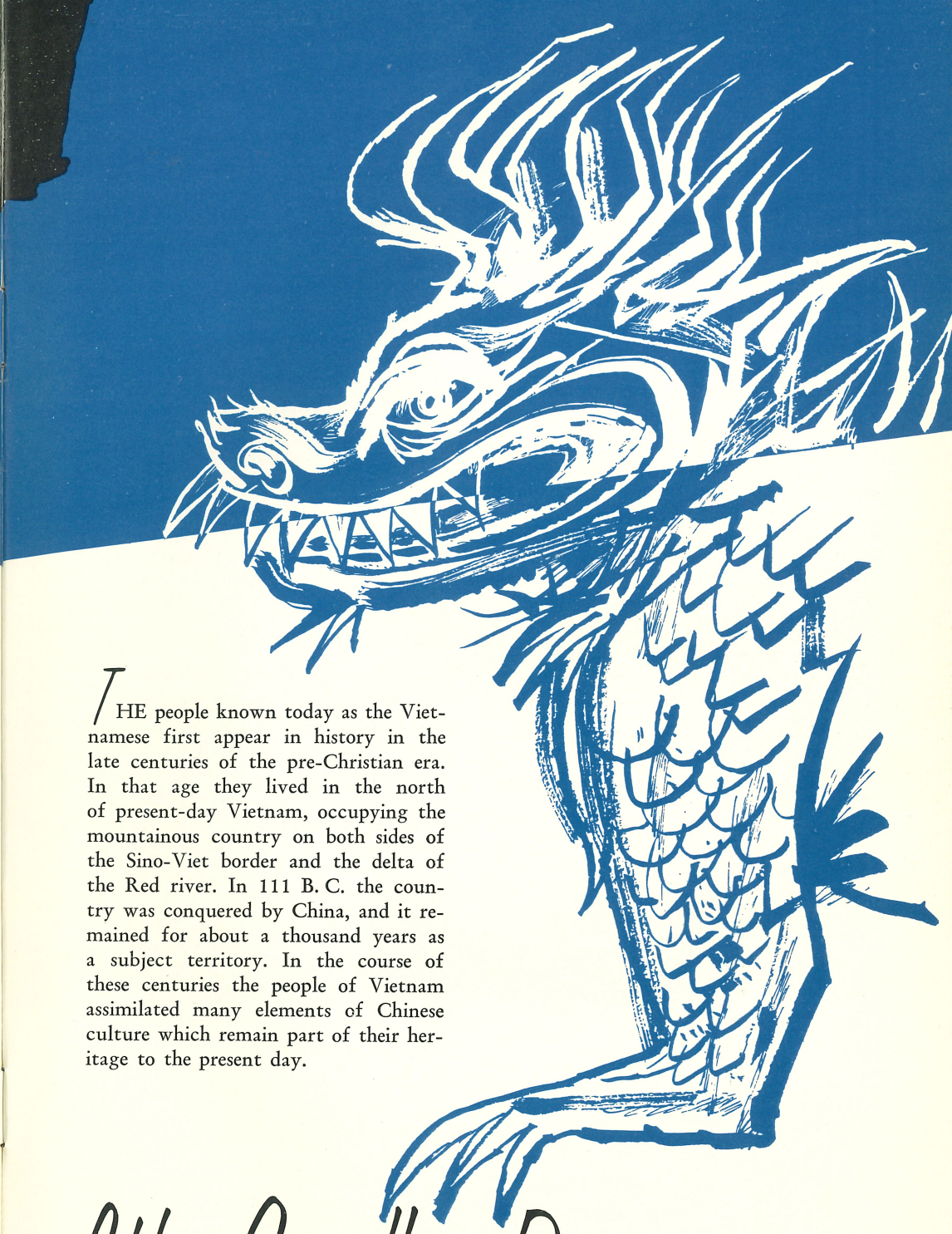
The dragon is an important symbol for Vietnam. It is not a representation of an evil spirit, but on the contrary, both in China and Vietnam it has always been a symbol of nobility and power. While China was the "Big Dragon," Vietnam has always been the "Smaller Dragon." "Dragons can live under the ground, in the air, in the water." They are immortal in Sino-Vietnamese mythology.



The Land



THE people known today as the Vietnamese first appear in history in the late centuries of the pre-Christian era. In that age they lived in the north of present-day Vietnam, occupying the mountainous country on both sides of the Sino-Viet border and the delta of the Red river. In 111 B. C. the country was conquered by China, and it remained for about a thousand years as a subject territory. In the course of these centuries the people of Vietnam assimilated many elements of Chinese culture which remain part of their heritage to the present day.

of the Smaller Dragon

Rev. Francis J. Corley, S. J.
Father Corley recently toured Vietnam and South East Asia.

Thus the dominant religion of Vietnam is that branch of Buddhism which developed in the north, called Mahayana. There is a good deal of Buddhist monasticism in Vietnam, and temples can be found throughout the country. In the old imperial capital, Hué, there is a richly ornamented pagoda, the Linh Mu, a graceful, many-storied landmark in the beautiful city. The imperial government and the elaborate system of mandarins who were its administrators were also learned from China. Educated Vietnamese spoke and wrote Chinese and were trained upon the same ancient literary classics as formed the intellectual elite of China through centuries.

Through the Chinese classics, the thought of the great Chinese philosopher, Confucius, had an immense influence in stabilizing life in Vietnam, giving order and hierarchy to society and government, fostering solid cohesion in family life by reverent devotion to the ancestors. Chinese language has made rich contributions to the language of Vietnam, also. And the literacy forms that have been traditional in the country, the classical theater, the lyrical and narrative poem, the chronicle, are all borrowed from China.

Vietnamese language is like Chinese in that it is monosyllabic and tonal. Thus one sound, such as *te,* pronounced in different tones conveys different meanings. That particular sound, for instance, can have nine different tones and, consequently, nine different meanings: to splash, the sound of flowing water, to be sad, rhinoceros, to offer sacrifice, and so on. As a tonal language, Vietnamese easily assimilated Chinese prosody and developed, after the thirteenth century, a rich, varied body of literature, ranging from the precisely structured eight-line poem, the *Bat-cu,* infinitely more finely tooled than the sonnet, to the great national epopée, the *Kim Van Kieu,* whose music is familiar to every Vietnamese.

Although the Vietnamese borrowed many elements of culture from China, they were never willing subjects nor slavish imitators. They resisted political domination continuously, and the legendary rebellion fired by the two heroic Trung sisters, although it failed to attain liberation from Chinese control, kept alive the spirit of independence until finally, in 938 A.D., Vietnam broke away from foreign domination and resumed its own sovereign national life. Even today the annual celebration of the Trung Sisters on the sixth day of the second lunar month is one of the high points of spring.

Vietnam's history is marked by almost constant trials. When they managed to fight off Chinese domination from the north in the tenth century, they found themselves threatened from the south by another power then at the high point of its national strength, the Kingdom of Champa. The Chams were a Hinduized people who had begun national life in the south and gradually expanded northward. The two peoples began a long, cruel struggle that ended only in the late eighteenth century, with the Chams virtually extinct and the Vietnamese in control of all the territory today known as Vietnam.

But tribulation continued to afflict Vietnam. The triumphant possession of full national territory was short-lived. French colonial domination began in 1858, and by the end of the nineteenth century the last vestige of sovereignty disappeared so that Vietnam was again a subject nation. But it submitted only to superior force, and the fire of national spirit which had burned through

After only three centuries of evangelization undivided Vietnam has two million Catholics. One has only to live among them to realize that the Faith is the focal point of these people's lives.

Vietnamese girl begins her offering in a Buddhist Temple. Buddhism with strong Confucianist influence is the principal religion of the country.

Voting in Cholon, Chinese section of Saigon, South Vietnam. Although subject to Chinese domination for 1000 years, the Vietnamese have preserved their identity as a people—their own language—family patterns—arts, etc.

nineteen centuries stayed alive. Resistance was constant and often bloody. The leaders of the movement for national life were called "lanh-dao" in recognition of their leadership in the independence movement, and today the Vietnamese Constitution perpetuates the heritage of proud sovereignty that has characterized the country's entire history by applying this memorable term to the President's leadership of the nation.

Even when independence came in 1954, when French authority effectively withdrew from the country, tragedy continued. By the terms of the Geneva Conference agreement, Vietnam was partitioned into two almost equal halves, one engulfed in a Communist servitude more oppressive than any the nation had earlier experienced. Today North Vietnam is a Communist state, little more than a puppet to be moved about by the whim of China and the Soviet Union. There is little prospect in the immediate future of ending this new enslavement that divides an intensely united people. In the north a whole way of life is being radically transformed by Marxist ideology so that no one can guess what the culture of these subject people will be when the miasma of Marxist enslavement finally clears away.

Inevitably there are changes, too, in the south; but they are less violent by far, and the people are striving to achieve a harmonious amalgam of new ideas and institutions from the West with the precious cultural treasures their ancestors through many centuries amassed and handed on. Some relics from the past are quickly disappearing. There is no longer an empire or an emperor. In October, 1955, the people expressed their overwhelming choice that the weak, indolent Emperor Bao Dai be deposed and that his former prime minister, Mr. Ngo Dinh Diem, become the first president of the new Republic of Vietnam which was proclaimed on October 26 of that year. The majestic imperial building in Hué, the palace and the rich imperial tombs, are now museums in which are preserved the monuments of a vanished court.

The Vietnamese Constitution is modeled upon those of the West. Law is no longer made by imperial decree but by a democratically elected legislature, and there is a full system of courts to determine justice. Western methods are being introduced into business also, so that profound changes are inevitable in many sectors of national life.

But the people are doing their best to assimilate these changes into a living, dynamic culture rather than to be overwhelmed by them. Their language is symbolic of this determination. It has much of the suppleness and versatility of Chinese, so that it is able to create new words to express new ideas. In its long history the Vietnamese tongue has incorporated numerous terms and ideas from Chinese, Cham and French. Today it is learning to speak the intricate argots of the bank, the factory, the laboratory, the clinic and all the elaborate languages of Western technology.

And just as a language "raised on the farm" and fashioned in an exquisitely traditional court is learning to say "automation," "bulldozer," "Cyclotron," and "estrogen," so a people rich in the noblest traditions of Asia is assimilating new ways of thought and action without losing the best of their own great heritage.

Thus, they have adopted the Western diatonic musical scale and melody

forms, so that both symphonic music and jazz can be heard in Saigon. But at the same time their own expressive pentatonic scale, which they share with the Chinese, has experienced a stimulating revival. Young people are learning to play the *don tranh*, a sixteen-stringed instrument like a zither, the three-stringed *don ty ba* and two-stringed *don kim* which are styled like mandolins, the flute, *ong sao*, the Viet violin, *don gao*. The melodies of Vietnam, the *dieu bac*, lively tunes of the north, and the *dieu nam*, the stately rhythms of the south, have been revived, and contemporary composers are adding to the musical repertory received from tradition.

Closely allied to the music of Vietnam is the oral prayer of its Catholic people. The ordinary Catholic prayers of daily life, as well as devotional summaries of Christian doctrine and practice, have been composed in Vietnamese and set to simple hymn tones. Before Mass in the morning and at the close of the day the Catholics gather in their splendid churches to chant the prayers that give dignity and beauty to their religious life.

One morning in Nha-Trang, a lovely coastal city in South Vietnam, I rose at four in the morning to attend the morning prayers and Mass of the parish people before they went to work in their rice fields. Even at that early hour the church was filled, children toward the front and adults behind. With stately dignity and devotion the chant rose, children alternating in responses with adults, then men and women chanting and responding, occasionally a single leader being answered by the entire congregation, sometimes the entire body chanting in unison. There was no choir director, no accompaniment, no books; the whole sublime, soaring prayer rose from head and heart. One wonders, when sharing in the chanted prayer of Catholic Vietnamese, what other people in the world so perfectly follow St. Paul's injunction to "be filled with the Spirit, speaking to one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing to the Lord, giving thanks always for all things in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ to God the Father."

Catholics and Buddhists live together in Vietnam in singular harmony, spared the frictions that have marred intergroup relations in several of Asia's new nations. This is due in part to the living culture they share and in part, assuredly, to the burdens and dangers they meet together. Vietnam faces a difficult future, living as it does sundered into two scarcely viable halves. The troubles of the south have been aggravated in recent years by Communist guerrilla activity, stirred up by the evident success of Mr. Ngo Dinh Diem's government.

Friends of Vietnam can only wish for its great-souled people of both north and south unity and peace under a regime of freedom in which human values may flourish as never before.

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NEVER a dull moment! This was especially true in those first few weeks after Holy Family Hospital, Quinhon opened its doors. Everything was new to us, the people, the language, the customs; and conversely, we were new to the Vietnamese people.

A typical dispensary morning finds us leaving chapel after Holy Mass about 6:45 A.M. Not a few of us turn to glance at the gate entrance to view the size of the crowd already beginning to form. Thirty minutes later the *non-hat* crowd has thickened considerably, now numbering 50-60. (The *non* is the typical Vietnamese straw cone-shaped hat worn for protection from rain and the sun, and is a handy vehicle for drinking water, while waiting one's turn at the dispensary.)

But our gateman has everything organized . . . all the patients, meek as lambs, are sitting on the ground inside the gate. Who could guess that on the dot of eight, when general dispensary begins, this peaceful group will come storming to the dispensary door, pushing, squeezing, groaning, hollering, calling, climbing . . . They come from miles around — 50 to 100 miles — to be seen by the Sister-Doctor. For many of them this is their first opportunity for medical care, also, it is their first Catholic hospital. One can spot the fisher folk at once by their characteristic black shirts worn by both men and women. They probably do not own much more than what they have on. Another characteristic of the country people, especially of the older women, is their black enameled teeth . . . (a sign of beauty!??).

Eight A.M. . . . off to meet our people who by now are clamoring at the door. "*Xin Loi* . . . excuse me, excuse me" as I literally squeeze through the crowd probably stepping on a few bare toes with my number 10's. "Now if you will just let me get the key in the door . . . please . . . move back . . . no, you all can not come in at once." *Oops*, one, two, three squeezed in, as I opened the door only a foot or so.

After registering a few I noticed an old, old, rugged-faced grandpa, with deep furrows around his mouth which made him appear to be smiling all the time. He had but two or three teeth and a long, straggling, dirty white beard. Since he had not gotten in yet, I gave him a ticket. After I had handed out the remaining cards I returned to the counter. What a sight!! There BEHIND the counter sat grandpa, arms folded, across his chest, head up high, obviously enjoying his unique seat . . . AWAY from the crowd. All morning he amused the people who were weary from waiting, with his comical faces and funny ways. A real comedian!

Shortly afterwards a barefoot, black-dressed, beetle-nut-chewing lady entered with basket on hip, and proceeded to establish herself and basket in the middle of the floor and sell her *foor* . . . gooey rice with pork wrapped in banana leaves. The huge banana leaves are handy ready-made wrappers for most everything, meats, rice, candies. (Some patients arrive with banana leaves covering their sores and bumps.)

Not infrequently three or four huddle together examining each other's medicine for size, quantity and color. Then perhaps not satisfied, they return to ask for more medicine as they do not have the same amount as their neighbors; or for some of the "tot lam" . . . *good* injections.

After a few days of this, I found Sister M. Karen giving green scapulars

along with the injections to the Catholic patients. The Catholic people love scapulars. They have big ones . . . about 4″ x 4″ that are of gay colors and are often worn on the outside of their tunics. Their strong devotion to *Duc Me* (Our Lady) is one of the outstanding virtues of the Vietnamese people.

Sister M. Germaine talks to Lan and her brother in the Out-Patient Clinic, Holy Family Hospital, Quinhon, South Vietnam.

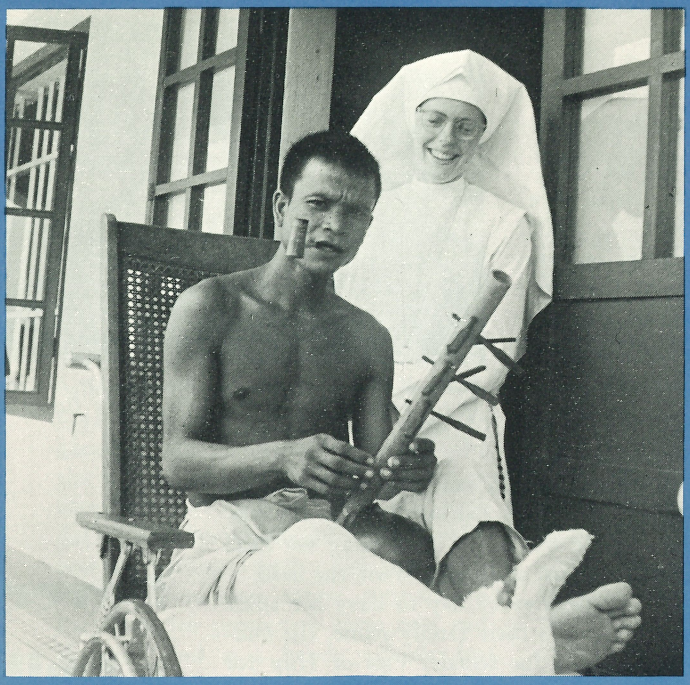
Never a Dull Moment

Sister M. Germaine

Never have I seen anyone quite so shy as four-year-old Nguyen Thi Lan. Her father brought her in because of an infection in her ankle which she had caught in a bicycle wheel. During her ten-day stay in the hospital, she did not say one word . . . just hung her head and smiled slightly. One look from us, and down went the head.

After discharge, Lan had to return every day to have her ankle dressed. (The Vietnamese first name is their family name, the middle name indicates the sex . . . *Thi* for female, *Van* or *Huu* for male, etc. While their last name is compared to our first name and is what they are called by: for a boy it will usually be the names of virtues — filial piety, *Hieu;* courage, *Hung*. For a girl it will be the names of flowers as orchid, *Lan;* rose, *Hong;* etc.) Each day saw Lan arrive on her ten-year-old brother's hip. He did not look more than seven. Waiting for her injection and dressing, the two would talk a mile a minute, but dare we intervene . . . not a word from her.

After having seen Lan for a whole month in the same orange dress, Sister M. Karen found a beautiful white frock with green flowers for her . . . We expected a few "chu Cha's," oh's and ah's, but even this did not arouse a word from Lan. However, only a winning smile appeared as she looked to big brother for his silent approval.



A Man by the name of Phop

Sister M. Brendan

EXCEPT that the mattress has taken on the form of the occupant, bed number eight in the male ward doesn't differ from the other seven beds in the room. The table next to the bed looks as if it might contain a rare exhibit of articles from a primeval society. These, however, are the ordinary personal effects of the patient in this bed. There is a homespun black loin cloth bordered all around with a red and white design; a *tung nung* which is a musical instrument made of metal strings attached to a tubular piece of bamboo; a black gourd to hold water with a rolled banana leaf stopper; a small bamboo pipe with an intricate black dot design; and a bunch of dried tobacco leaves. The owner of all these treasures is simply named Phop.

Phop was brought to the hospital a little over two months ago from his village, Phiayom, about 90 miles from here. Three days before, a tree had fallen on his leg, crashing through skin and muscle and bone, causing a serious fracture and leaving a large gaping wound. At the time it looked as if it would not be possible to save his leg. However, amazingly enough, it healed.

First, skeletal traction was applied. When Phop woke up after anaesthesia, he found himself in bed, surrounded by all kinds of contraptions. The poor man had come from a very elementary type of society where he lived in a straw house and used whatever nature provided for his food — quite uncomplicated. Now, he found himself in such a strange environment. There wasn't much that he could do about the situation, so he accepted it like a gentleman.

There was one thing that Phop could do. He could lie on his back and swallow liquids with no difficulty. No need for glass straws that are bent in the middle! Effortlessly and without spilling a drop, he would open his mouth, make his lower lip protrude, and motion for you to pour. It was just like pouring water down a sink.

When Phop was free from pain, he

showed us how he could smile. It wasn't a toothpaste advertisement smile, for the place reserved for the upper incisors is vacant. This is the result of a tribal custom, which obliges young people to show their courage and virility, by enduring the pain of having their teeth filed off. However, teeth or no teeth, this doesn't spoil Phop's smile; it is a sincere and friendly smile that tells you much about the man.

Jahrai is the name of Phop's tribe, and they speak a language quite different from Vietnamese. Fortunately, he is able to speak Vietnamese very well and can also converse a little in French. He uses the former most freely and saves the French for special occasions, that is, when he wants to ask for something.

After a few weeks of life as a patient, Phop began to consult his calendar every night to keep track of time. His calendar was the big piece of sky that he could see through the window by his bed. When a bright round moon became a part of the night scene, then he knew that one month had already passed. It was a long time to be separated from one's family and all the things that are part of you. To help him forget his loneliness, Phop was given a snapshot of his father, wife and baby that one of the Sisters had taken the day they brought him to the hospital.

That same day the images in the picture came to life. With the afternoon sun beating down on them, a group of people marched through the gate of the hospital in single file. There was Mrs. Phop, a cigar in her mouth and a baby on her back; next, Phop's father carrying a basket of provisions on his back; and last, his brother holding a small white chicken in a basket of loosely woven palm leaves. With the procession, came an epidemic of smiles: the gardener rested his water pails; the ambulatory patients came out on the veranda; and a delegation of nurses went to announce the good news to Phop. It was a grand visit, but it had to come to an end, for Phop wasn't ready to be discharged.

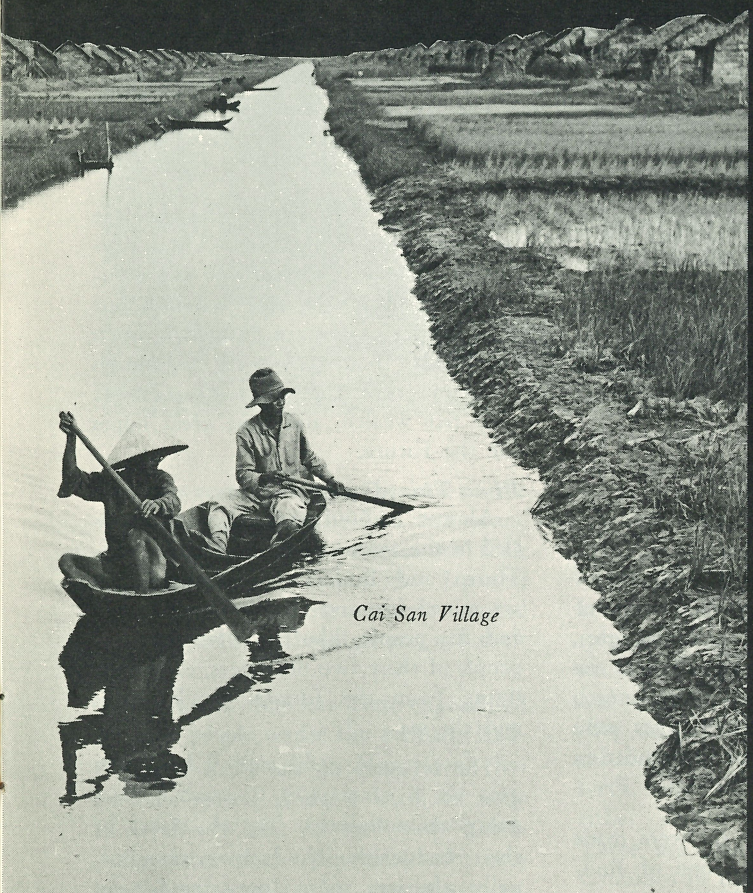
Once Phop had a cast on his leg it didn't take him long to learn to maneuver about in the wheelchair. In the morning Phop got together all the necessary items for an outing on the veranda. He always took his pipe and tobacco and the hospital's plastic water pitcher, which he preferred to his black gourd with the palm leaf stopper. One day the water pitcher tumbled from the place where Phop had put it on the ledge of the veranda and smashed on the ground one story below. The accident caused him much concern, and he asked one of the Vietnamese nurses how he should apologize to the Sisters for having broken their pitcher. The next morning as a Sister approached his bed, Phop sat up, made a sign with his head toward the almost unrecognizable plastic object on his bedside table, folded his arms across his chest (a sign of respect), and said with all sincerity, "Xin Loi, Ma Xo." (Please excuse me, Sister.)

And now Phop's hospital days are numbered. When he heard that he had only two weeks more, he asked one of the other patients how many days equalled two weeks and had it written down on paper, each number separately. Now, as day turns into night, he crosses out one more number. After six more strokes of his pencil, Phop will walk out of the hospital on crutches back to his home in the mountains. We'll miss him and his smile, for many a day.

VIET

IN the nine month period between August 1954 and May 1955, well over 900,000 refugees came from North Vietnam and were resettled in the South in approximately 300 refugee villages. Through the combined efforts of the Government of Vietnam, the United States Operation Mission, the Catholic Auxiliary Resettlement Committee, and Catholic Relief Services-N.C.W.C., a very satisfactory resettlement program was carried out. All of the normal difficulties usually encountered in such work were met during the 1955-1957 period. But the basic needs of these people were adequately supplied, work opportunities provided, health hazards removed, educational opportunities given, and at least a minimum degree of normalcy brought into their lives.

NAM after 5 years



Cai San Village

Rt. Rev. Msgr.
Joseph J.
Hartnett

We find in Vietnam today more than 900,000 people who are desperately bent on raising their standard of living with all that that implies in terms of housing, health, education and general welfare. Along with them, and in a movement paralleling their own, are 165,000 South Vietnamese whose lives were affected one way or another by the Vietminh war, and who are engaged in a parallel effort through the vast colonization schemes of the Government of Vietnam.

In brief, the Vietnamese refugees are out of the woods. It would be a serious mistake to understand what has been said above in terms of known Western conditions of civilization. Here, *adequate* village housing means an earth floored thatch and bamboo building approximately 12 ft. by 18 ft. in size. Mechanization means bicycles, pumps for water wells and occasionally for moving water from one rice paddy to another. It is in this context that we have to think of these villages, and it is in this context that we must remember that there are the usual number of sickly, aged, orphans, and even the less enterprising and less energetic individuals.

Blao

One of the most favored regions of the country from the point of view of large scale assistance to the refugees, was the Blao area. Blao is located in the hills 190 kilometers (175 miles) north of Saigon. Eight refugee villages were established there with a total population of 17,200 people.

Of the eight villages, six were made up of Catholic refugees, one of Buddhist refugees, and one Protestant sponsored. At the present time these villages (that now form an integrated community with the original town of Blao) have a vocational training school for young women, an orphanage for boys, a home for the aged, and a secondary school for boys and girls. All of the villages have primary schools with a total of approximately 2,500 children in attendance. The villagers reportedly have sufficient farm tools but have no oxen or water buffalo. On the other hand, they all have chickens, ducks and pigs.

Provinces of the South and West

South of Saigon, in the Bentre area, the economic condition of the refugees is poor because of a shortage of land and because the fishing industry has been bad for the last two years. On the other hand, the 5,000 refugees resettled in the area of Soctrang are doing well on rice lands that they have rented from local owners.

In the vast Caisan area, where a large Governmental, USOM aided, resettlement project was carried out, the refugees have plenty of rice and fish but little money. They are reputedly much better off than they were in North Vietnam from the point of view of their rice wealth, and have great hopes for the future.

Phan Thiet Groups

Almost 26,000 refugees were resettled in the maritime provinces of Bing-Thuan and Binh-Tuy. These villages are mixed farming and fishing villages, and the people, like the other 300,000 people of these two provinces, earn their living from the forests, truck farms and the sea.

The refugees of the Phan-Thiet region are hard working people who are doing their best to raise the level of their production. The farmers are gradually clearing more forest lands and turning them into farming and grazing areas.

The fishermen, on the other hand,

Refugees from Communism awaiting transportation to South Vietnam. There are three hundred refugee villages in South Vietnam today.

Vietnamese refugees building their own church in Free Vietnam. They are fine craftsmen even when their supply of tools is limited.

live in a state of anxiety because of the meager catches of the last two years. They have found the reason for their small catches in a rumor that Japanese fishermen are working with mechanized fishing fleets on the high seas off their coast.

The spirit that has been engendered in these people under the brilliant leadership of Father Phan-Ngoc-Oanh has caused them to participate in all sorts of public, as well as religious, activities.

Speaking of the psychological status of the refugees in his two provinces, Father Oanh states as follows: "Our refugees are frugal, devoted to their work, and are trying with all their hearts to make viable their material and spiritual lives. They all hope to save a little money against a precarious future and do not dare to spend more than they earn. They all nourish the hope of returning one day to the place of their birth, but they are not because of that either sterily pessimistic or listless. There are approximately 30,000 non-Catholics in the area and 10,000 Catholics (both refugees and local people) who really are pathetically poor . . ."

To give a true picture of the present

status of almost a million people who are scattered in new villages from one end of the country to the other is a very difficult task. In a general way, I think it would be safe to state that the round-upview of Father Oanh quoted above, concerning his refugees in the Phan-Thiet area, is more or less applicable to all of the refugee villages of Vietnam. The slightly more specific picture of the individual village groups that I have given above shows the variations that arise from the natural resources of each area and from the native energies and degrees of leadership that exist in the separate areas.

It would be a serious mistake to think that the refugees in Vietnam are in the precarious position of those in Korea, Hong-Kong, Macao, West Bengal, or Pakistan. It would likewise be a serious mistake to think that these new communities are perfectly capable of taking care of their own needs. They need assistance for their helpless, aged, malaria-ridden, tuberculars, fatherless families, widows, orphans, and that helpless segment of any society that is incapable of providing for itself. They need help with their problems of educating their children in the academic and vocational fields. Farmers and fishermen need more and better tools, livestock, wells, irrigation, electricity, roads and bridges, etc.

There is not a country in the world that is capable of absorbing ten percent of its own population in a five year period without more than the residual problems that would arise from such an effort. Thanks, however, to the able leadership of the Government of Vietnam and to the generally wisely-administered Economic Aid Program of the United States Government through its Foreign Operations Mission, Vietnam has gone a long way towards doing exactly that.

The sturdy people of Vietnam have a bright future under the strong leadership provided by their President and with the support that he is receiving from the free nations of the world, principally the United States of America, there is little to fear concerning the future of this country. While not without problems, this nation also has a wonderful asset in the courage and determination of its leaders and its people to remain free and to forge the economic, social, and cultural framework within which they shall live.

Abstracted from "World Refugee Year" published by International Catholic Migration Commission. June 1959-June 1960.

R. I. P.

Please pray for our benefactors recently deceased:

Very Rev. Bruno Leuchinger, O.F.M., Cap., New York, N. Y.
Miss Margaret H. Bachi, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mr. Patrick H. Blewett, Fond du Lac, Wisc. (Father of Sr. M. Pierre, S.C.M.M.)
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Mr. John McGrath, Lost Creek, Pa.
Mr. Edward McIntyre, Washington, D.C.
Mrs. Mary Mack, Holbrook, Mass.
Mrs. Antoinette D. Martinka, Cleveland, Ohio (Sister of Sr. M. Cyril, S.C.M.M.)
Mrs. Mary E. Megley, Holbrook, Mass.
Miss Margaret Mary O'Hara, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. Catherine Parker, Heraldsburg, Calif. (Mother of Sr. M. Sheila, S.C.M.M.)
Mrs. Juel A. Swartz, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mr. George Walsh, So. Ozone Park, N. Y.
Mrs. Trudy Welz, Bellerose, N. Y.
Mrs. Emil Wuenschel, Erie, Pa.

Fishermen pulling in their nets for the day at Quinhon Beach, just ten minutes' walk from Holy Family Hospital.

"At Thy Word I will let down the net"

Installation of Bishop Peter M. Pham-ngoc-Chi

ON November 24, 1960, an important event opened a new chapter in the history of the Catholic Church in Vietnam. After having been an Apostolic Vicariate for over three hundred years, the Church saw on that day, its Hierarchy fully established by the Apostolic Constitution given at St. Peter's in Rome, in the third year of the Pontificate of Pope John the XXIII. This was truly a long-awaited day of rejoicing for all of Catholic Vietnam. And especially for those of Hanoi (North Vietnam), Saigon (South Vietnam), and Hué (Central Vietnam) where three archdioceses were erected. The Most Rev. Monseigneur Trinh-nhu-Khue was named the first Archbishop of Hanoi; the Most Rev. Monseigneur Paul Nguyen-van-Binh, the first Arch-

bishop of Saigon; and the Most Rev. Monseigneur Peter M. Ngo-Dinh-Thuc, the first Archbishop of Hué.

It is to this last Archdiocese that the Diocese of Quinhon belongs, together with the diocese of Nha Trang and Kontum. Incidentally, three new dioceses were formed at the same time increasing the total number to twenty within the whole of Vietnam. When the establishment of the Hierarchy was announced, His Excellency Monseigneur Chi, then Apostolic Administrator of Quinhon, was elevated to the full title of Bishop, and the See of Quinhon was established. Prior to coming to Quinhon, Bishop Chi had been Apostolic Vicar of Bui Chu (one of the great Diocese of North Vietnam 1950-54) and in 1954 to '57, Director of the Refugee Settlement Committee and of Catholic Action in Vietnam.

On the 25th of April of this year, His Excellency Monseigneur Mario Brini, Apostolic Delegate for Cambodia, Laos and Vietnam, officially installed Monseigneur Chi as Bishop of Quinhon. On the afternoon of the 25th, a large group of the Catholics of Quinhon joined the clergy and the Sisters and Military and Civil authorities in welcoming the visiting ecclesiastical dignitaries. As His Excellency, Monseigneur Mario Brini stepped from the plane, the band struck up the chords of the Papal hymn, followed by the National Anthem of Vietnam. In addition to Msgr. Brini, the Archbishops of Hué and Saigon, and the Bishops of Kontum and Nha Trang were also welcomed warmly by Bishop Chi.

The ceremonies were scheduled for the evening at six o'clock so that all of the people could attend. Just as the sun was setting behind the mountains, the crowd began to gather on the compound of the Bishop's house. There, we joined ranks with the Vietnamese Sisters, the Priests, the seminarians, the Brothers (Christian), the school children, and all of the laity to join in the procession from there to the Cathedral which is a distance of about two blocks. Soon the parish band started to play and the imposing procession began with the Archbishops marching single file with an honor guard of the Seminarians on either side of them. His Excellency Monseigneur Brini and Bishop Chi had the places of honor at the end of the procession.

As is the custom for most of the solemn ceremonies here, the celebrations were held on an outside platform in front of the Cathedral. This adds to the seating capacity and gives each a good view of all of the ceremonies. As soon as the procession reached the Cathedral the ceremony started. His Excellency Monseigneur Brini gave the Apostolic Constitutions first to be read, and then to be presented, to Monseigneur Chi. The *Te Deum* was sung and the Apostolic Delegate escorted Monseigneur Chi to his throne where each of the Priests present came to pledge their obedience to the Bishop. After a low Mass, two addresses were given by representatives of the clergy and the laity. A short talk by the newly installed Bishop concluded the Ceremony.

The Medical Mission Sisters returned home asking God to give His Excellency light and strength in his work as "fisher of men." (The Bishop's motto is: *In verbo tuo, laxabo rete,* "At Thy word, I will let down the net)" This is very appropriate because the chief industry in Quinhon is fishing.

Grand Opening

Beginnings in Quinhon

Mother M. Benedict, M. D.

WE arrived in Quinhon on January 5th after having flown on the little Air Vietnam plane from Saigon for three hours. It was a pleasant surprise to hear the steward say "Oh Quinhon!"—this meant that we were already recognized as the Sisters from Quinhon. After stopping at Dalat which is inland, we went along the coast to Nha Trang and north to Quinhon and so we were flying along the China Sea most of the time.

The plane lands in just an ordinary level field, and a little tin hut is the waiting room of the Airport. All of the Sisters and Father So and Father Bang were at the Airport to meet us. Father So is the Procurator of the Diocese of Quinhon and Father Bang is the Sisters' teacher of Vietnamese and Father So has been Sister Karen's right hand in renovating the hospital buildings to make the opening of the hospital possible. The Fathers drove us back to the hospital.

The scenery around Quinhon is beau-

tiful beyond description. The hospital presently consists of two buildings which are parallel to each other across a courtyard. From one of the buildings which faces a little bit towards the South we see mountains and also the Bay of Quinhon joining the China Sea; and when we look in the other direction to the North, we see many more beautiful ranges of mountains, and on the right as we look North also, the Bay of Quinhon.

As we drove back from the Airport and reached the hospital gate it was a wonderful feeling for me to see the tremendous changes which the Sisters had accomplished in preparing the buildings for the opening of the hospital. Already it consists of forty-five beds and six bassinets, a central supply, nursing stations, an out-patient department, a pharmacy, a lab, a delivery room and a very nice operating room. The Sisters' chapel is on the ground floor of one of the buildings, and on the second floor of one of the buildings are the Sisters' quarters.

There were still two full days left to prepare for the opening ceremony which was to take place on the 8th of January. There had been much rain after the freight arrived, so the delay in opening the boxes together with the renovating of the buildings left a great deal to be done at the last moment. All fell to it, and worked hard and by the time the morning of the 8th of January came, everything was in readiness and really looked beautiful. We prayed fervently that January 8th would be a fair day with no rain because the ceremonies were to take place out in the courtyard.

Formal invitations were sent out in English and Vietnamese inviting the people to the opening ceremony. It was to be a rather private affair: in the morning consisting of the cutting of the ribbon, the blessing of the hospital, Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, and addresses by Bishop Chi, Msgr. Harnett (Phila.), Sister Karen and myself. In the afternoon the ceremony was to be for the public. This was to be just an "open house"—to see the hospital. On Saturday morning Bishop Chi came over to see how things were progressing for the ceremony and he, looking around, said that he felt that it would be nice, if in the evening at the time of the open house for the general public, he would celebrate Mass in the hospital compound. This was agreed to, and then it was necessary, of course, to prepare everything for the Mass.

Already on Thursday afternoon, all day Friday and all day Saturday, the Chief of Province, Hon. Mr. Duyen, had sent his men to prepare the place for the ceremonies out in the center of the compound. The Chief of Province is like the governor of the State. Mr. Duyen is Chief of the Province in the central part of South Vietnam in which Quinhon is located. The men brought decorations and flags and all kinds of greens. The Vietnam Information Service sent their truck with a loud speaker apparatus.

The first guests arrived on Saturday afternoon, by car, from Saigon. They were Father Duchesne of the Maryknoll Fathers, Msgr. Harnett's Assistant at Catholic Relief Services offices in Saigon; Father Bayless, another Maryknoll Father, on his way to East Africa visiting in Vietnam; our little Vietnamese friend Therese who works in the office of the Catholic Relief Services and Kim Dieu, the first Vietnamese nurse to be employed at Holy Family Hospital, Quinhon. Kim, who was trained in England, speaks English,

President Ngo Dinh Diem discusses the medical problems of South Vietnam with Mother M. Benedict, M.D. on her recent visit to Vietnam. Monsignor Joseph J. Harnett (right), Far East Director, NCWC Catholic Relief Services and Sr. M. Karen (left), Superior of Holy Family Hospital, Quinhon, were also present. During the hour-long visit in Independence Palace, Saigon, the President inquired into the progress of the Quinhon Holy Family Hospital. Expanded medical facilities for the people in both rural and urban areas is an important measure in the platform of the newly-elected President.

French and Vietnamese. She is a lovely person and has already proved herself to be invaluable.

Father Duchesne brought the word that Msgr. Harnett, Marion McGillicudy, his secretary, the Superior of the Brothers of Saint John of God in Saigon, who is an American, and a French Canadian lay doctor who is working at a refugee hospital just a few miles outside of Saigon would arrive at 8:30 the next morning by private government plane.

Sunday morning dawned cloudy and a bit rainy in spots but we could see the sun through the clouds and we were confident that the Holy Family would send us a clear day by the time the ceremonies were to start at 10:30. Crowds and crowds of people were expected for the afternoon open house. Sister Virginia, M.D. made the remark when she attended Christmas midnight Mass in the Cathedral, just down the street from us, that she wondered why we weren't opening a hospital for five hundred instead of fifty. Subsequent events have proved that her observations were very correct.

Between 10:00 and 10:30 the government officials began to arrive and assemble at Bishop Chi's house. Promptly at 10:30 they walked in procession from the Bishop's house to the hospital with Bishop Chi and Msgr. Harnett leading. All the Sisters were gathered at the hospital gate across which was strung a yellow ribbon. Sister Maria Fe very formally presented Msgr. Harnett a pair of scissors with a yellow bow on it. Msgr. Harnett cut the ribbon and then Bishop Chi led the officials into the compound and up on to the platform for the beginning of the prayers and the blessing of the hospital. After Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament Bishop Chi addressed the group. He spoke first in Vietnamese and then surprised us by giving a very fine speech in perfect English.

In his speech Bishop Chi gave a short history of the building of the hospital and of how Msgr. Harnett, through Catholic Relief Services, had helped both in contributing towards the construction and also how he had personally interested our Society in coming to take over the hospital. Bishop Chi also thanked the German Bishops Relief

Fund (Misereor) for their contribution and all who had helped in any way to make the hospital come about.

Msgr. Harnett spoke next in French. He thanked our Society and said how wonderful it was that we had come to open the hospital here in Quinhon.

I was the next speaker and gave a short history of the foundation of our Society. I thanked Bishop Chi for giving us the privilege of working in Quinhon, told of our hopes for the future and that we had come to work among the people of Vietnam with much love and joy in our hearts. Father Bang, the Bishop's secretary translated this into Vietnamese.

Sister Karen was next—she thanked all who had helped in setting up the hospital—the Chief of Province, Bishop Chi, the German Bishops Relief Fund, Catholic Relief Services, the MAAG (U.S.A.) group, and all those in the States who had contributed to make the hospital here become a reality. Father Bang also translated Sister Karen's speech into Vietnamese. At this time Father Bang announced the times when the hospital Out-patient Department would be open for consultation.

Six Vicars Forane, many of the Fathers and crowds of people had come from the six different regions of the diocese of Quinhon to be present for the Ceremony. The Ceremony lasted for about an hour and a quarter and shortly after it was over all the special guests were served dinner in the drying room of the laundry!

After dinner the special guests left and the Sisters busied themselves in clearing up and getting ready for the Bishop's Mass and the general open house. Every minute the program seemed to get longer because shortly afterwards Bishop Chi sent word that as a special treat for the Sisters, the Vietnamese Information Service would show a full length feature in the evening of January 8th after supper, out in the middle of our compound. It would also be for the general public. About five hundred attended.

The general dispensary was to be held on Monday morning and it was really an event! Many, many, many people came. So many that the police had to come to keep order. During the week on the day assigned for general dispensary, it took three policemen to hold the crowd back. By the end of the first week, however, the people caught on to the regulations and also to how many could be seen by the Sister Doctor at one particular session.

There was also much work to be done to get the hospital administrative set-up initiated and the sterile goods prepared. And well it was that we started right off because the second night we had a Caesarean Section. Ten babies were born in the hospital in the first ten days.

The very first patient to be admitted early on January 9th was an old lady past eighty who had fallen in getting off a train and fractured the neck of her left femur. She is a very interesting old person, very alert and very intelligent. She is the mother of several government officials—a wonderful patient. She was with us six weeks.

At the end of the first ten days, in addition to the ten deliveries there were more than thirty admissions to the hospital and approximately five-hundred patients seen in the out-patient department.

Several days after the opening ceremonies, Bishop Chi sent the Sisters a

beautifully framed tapestry of the Holy Family as a remembrance of the formal opening of the hospital in Quinhon. Bishop Chi has been a wonderful Father to the Sisters since their arrival.

Holy Family Hospital, Quinhon shows much promise in many directions and as Bishop Chi remarked at the opening: "It will grow and grow. The chief thing we must pray for now is peace in the world." The faith of the people here is very striking. Last year the diocese of Quinhon had twenty-eight thousand converts, and there are now 70,953 catechumens under instruction. For ten years, before the Geneva Agreement, this region was occupied and ruled by Communists. This, no doubt, explains why the people abhor atheism and are turning to Catholicism.

His Excellency, Bishop Chi, watches as Msgr. Harnett cuts a yellow ribbon tied across the gateway and Holy Family Hospital, Quinhon is opened!

LORD JESUS CHRIST, THE COMFORT AND DELIVERER IN OUR AFFLICTIONS, GOING ABOUT THE CITIES AND TOWNS, THOU DIDST HEAL ALL MANNER OF AILMENTS. DO THOU, WE BESEECH THEE, BLESS AND SANCTIFY THIS INSTITUTION, THAT THE SICK WHO WILL BE CONFINED HEREIN, FREED FROM THEIR ILLNESS AND RESTORED IN BODY AND MIND, MAY RIGHTFULLY CHOOSE TO GLORIFY THY POWER FOREVER . . .

Blessing of a Hospital

Woman's Day in VIETNAM

ANNUALLY one of the largest celebrations in Saigon, capital of Vietnam, is Woman's Day. Last year the first lady, Madame Ngo-Dinh-Nhu, dressed in the yellow of the Vietnamese flag, pleaded for feminine forces against Communism. This day is celebrated in honor of the Vietnamese Joan of Arcs —the Trung Sisters. It happened in the first century (39 A.D.) that the Trung Sisters led a successful revolt (the first) against the then ruling Chinese and won freedom for Vietnam. Their rule lasted only three years after which time the Chinese recaptured Vietnam and the proud and dauntless Trung Sisters drowned themselves in the Hat River.

On a float in the parade for Trung Sisters' Day read a banner: "We the women of Vietnam will go to battle with our men." This, of course, is symbolic rather than actual. The Vietnamese women are slight of stature but neither frail or fragile. Nearly every one of them looks ten years younger than their age, this, in spite of a tropical climate, hard work and large families.

Because of husbands' abuse, Madame Ngo-Dinh-Nhu introduced a family law that went into effect one year ago. Women now enjoy all rights formerly reserved to husbands. Some rights in Vietnam must be the envy of most women of the Orient. For instance, she can open a bank account without the permission of her husband and, further, the bank is obliged to keep her informed

concerning her husband's bank balance. Formerly the laws against divorce and polygamy existed only in name; they now have teeth.

Girls marry very young and in the countryside marriages are still arranged by parents but this is rapidly changing in the cities.

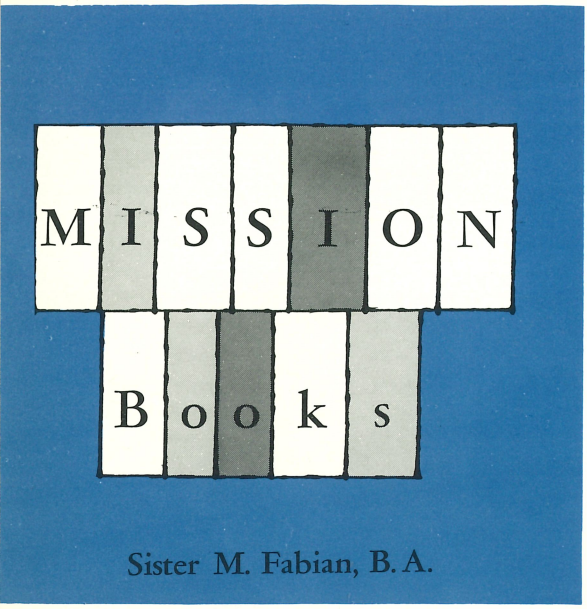
Today's Vietnamese women in the big cities drive their own cars and engage in business. The agricultural school in Blao has about one-third women students in its veterinarian classes. Frail looking though they may be, one sees women working in brickyards, tile factories, laboring on construction; though one never sees lady bricklayers or stone masons. In the laboring class, salaries are about two-thirds those of men. High school girls are everywhere on bicycles wearing their conical hats with a band of ribbon tied below the chin.

In the last elections for National Assembly, participation of women was eighty per cent. In South Vietnam today, there are 7 women lawyers, 1 woman judge, 81 women pharmacists, 762 women high school teachers, and 15 university professors. Each year some 500 students are leaving for foreign universities and a good fifty per cent of these are girls. Modern nursing, however, is an almost unknown and new profession for women and the need for fully qualified nurses is very great.

At the end of the war there were at least 100 women parachutists in the army. Now there are no more; nor are there any other women soldiers. President Ngo-Dinh-Diem banished all the women from the army. He found the very idea of women soldiers shocking. There are, however, 300 to 400 lady police in Saigon.

There are nearly 4,000 Catholic nuns in the country and in most dioceses the vocations are limited only by the housing facilities of the novitiates.

Today one can say that the faith has a profound influence on the Vietnamese woman in all spheres of life, Christian or non-Christian.



INDIA AND THE WEST. Barbara Ward. N.Y. Norton. 256 pp. $4.50.

A leading economist discusses the role of economic development in present day India. Starting with an analysis of the West, and the revolution caused by it in Europe of the nineteenth century, Miss Ward then turns to the question of India. Sketching in the background, she moves to a consideration of the economic plans of the Indian government. The third section treats of the program in relation to the West, showing it will have to aid Indian plans and at the same time help that country avoid the mistakes made by the West. It presents a very real challenge to Western ingenuity and charity.

AFRICAN RAINBOW. H. K. Binks. London. Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd. 264 pp.

These memoirs of an Englishman who emigrated to Kenya in 1900 in search of mythical gold, give an insight into the life of the early colonists in Africa. It is interesting as a background to the present movements in Africa.

TECHNOLOGY AND CHRISTIAN CULTURE. Ed. by Robert Mohan. Washington, Catholic University. 144 pp. $3.95.

Five world famous scholars study the problems which have come in the wake of the immense technological progress of the past century. While admitting the great advantages of modern technology, all point up the dangers inherent in an uncritical acceptance of what it offers. Technology can lead to an overemphasis of man's capacities, and a substitution of technology as the panacea for all ills. The discussion raises many challenging questions.

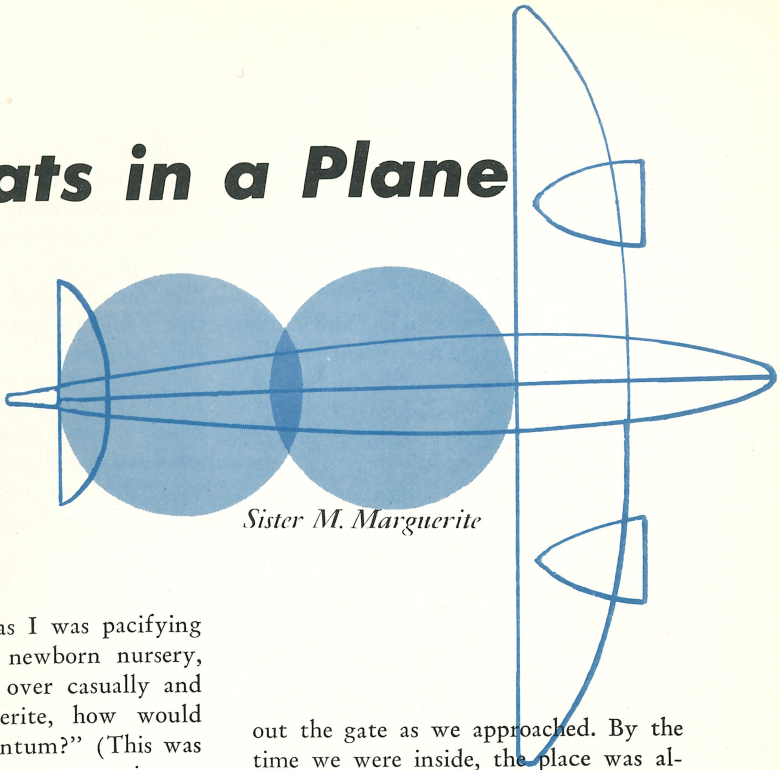
THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN SOUTH AFRICA. William E. Brown, N.Y. Kenedy. 384 pp. $7.50.

This is a very detailed and scholarly history of the Catholic Church in South Africa, from its earliest history to the present. In telling of the development of the Church within the area, much of the political and social history of the country is also included. A brief epilogue treats of the racial problems in South Africa, the government's policy of apartheid, and the Church's stand in opposition to this policy. This is the most complete and definitive study available of the Church in South Africa.

SINEWS OF LOVE. Thomas J. M. Burke, N.Y. New American Library. 159 pp. $1.95.

Through beautiful pictures and fitting captions from the mission encyclicals, this little book tells the story of the work of the Jesuit Fathers in the Catholic missions throughout the world.

Two Seats in a Plane



Sister M. Marguerite

April 26th: Today as I was pacifying my boarders in the newborn nursery, Sister Karen ambled over casually and said: "Sister Marguerite, how would you like to go to Kontum?" (This was really a very unnecessary question as everyone in the community knew I was aching to go to the land of the Montagnards ever since our famous patient "Phop" entered the hospital.) "To Kontum!" said I, "you know how much I want to go, but I don't have much hope anymore." (Communist activities in the area had made the roads to Kontum a dangerous route to travel.) "Well, today is your chance . . . be ready to go at 2 o'clock — the plane leaves at 2:30." "But what do you mean, what plane?" "Now just relax . . . it's quite true—the Bishop has invited two of us to attend the installation ceremonies of Bishop Seitz there tomorrow and there is a special chartered plane going." By this time I was so elated that Sister Karen thought I might take off for Kontum without even needing a plane.

At 1:55, we were walking to the Bishop's house to begin our journey. The police escort for the visiting hierarchy was just leading a procession of cars out the gate as we approached. By the time we were inside, the place was almost deserted except for Father Bang's secretary. We asked to see Father Bang (the Bishop's secretary) only to be told "Di roi" (already gone!) then please may we see Father So . . . "Di roi" . . . "But, they can't be gone, we are taking the same plane and were told to be here at two and it's just one minute to two." "May bay, may bay" we kept repeating. Suddenly it dawned on the boy that we had been left behind so the last remaining car was quickly put at our disposal.

2:05 p.m. As we neared the Airport we could see the plane and that most of the passengers were already aboard. As we neared the steps of the plane there was Father Bang just about to go up the steps. There had been a last minute change in the time schedule and they had forgotten to inform us, trusting that we would find our way to the airport.

2:10 p.m. We were hardly seated, when the plane prepared to take-off. We

found ourselves surrounded by Archbishops and Bishops and many other Vietnamese dignitaries. We were soon enjoying a delightful flight at very low altitude, permitting us to admire first, the ocean and the beautiful plains with their many, many rice fields, and later the low ridged green mountains which cross Vietnam from North to South. Kontum is a large diocese in the highlands of West Central Vietnam. Before the great exodus of 1954-55, its population consisted almost entirely of Montagnards sometimes called Moi (Vietnamese name for savages) but nowadays there are quite a number of Vietnamese there also.

2:45 p.m. The plane began to lose altitude and landed in a brightly decorated airport where half of Kontum's population must have been gathered with flags, band music, flowers, etc. to greet the Apostolic Delegate, His Excellency Mario Brini, and the members of the Vietnamese Hierarchy. The two little Medical Mission Sisters, with with their 'Pan Am' bags, stayed behind at a polite distance keeping one eye on Father Bang, as we did not know exactly where we would go from there.

However, we did not need to worry! When the welcoming speeches were over at the seminary where Monseigneur Seitz resides, His Excellency came over to greet us and warmly welcomed us to Kontum. After a few words he inquired, "When are you coming to open a hospital in Kontum?" Then His Excellency offered us a jeep and his driver to take us to the convent of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. Shortly after our arrival at the convent, in popped Sr. M. Louise who had been our guest at Quinhon on several occasions. She had a station wagon full of Montagnard children whom she had brought from the Leprosarium to the welcoming ceremony — all dressed up in their dark skins and loin cloths worn by the Montagnard people. Sister Louise no sooner saw us than she started to plan our schedule. We were to see all that could be seen in less than twenty-four hours.

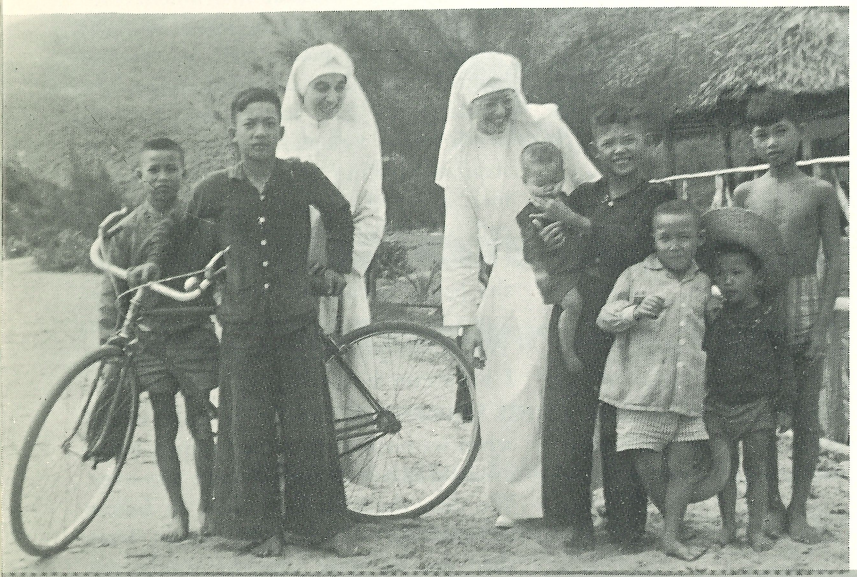
Our first stop was at the Leprosarium which is about six miles out of Kontum. As dusk was already beginning to fall, we quickly exchanged cars and Sister selected a few children from the villages we might visit or pass. She shouted a few instructions and people began appearing with empty bags that were soon filled with food items which she said we would distribute to Montagnard leprosy patients in one of the special places we would visit. And so off we went to visit the village of our own Montagnard patient, Phop.

After about an hour's ride along a deserted road that was surrounded by heavily wooded areas, we turned off on a small narrow path leading to the village we were seeking. Like all Montagnard villages, it consists of several small thatched houses on stilts, gathered around one big common house where all the adult boys live together. A Montagnard's home is really reduced to the minimum: a floor, a distance from the ground, a roof to protect from the rain, side walls without windows and a stairway leading into the house that is simply a log with notches to make the steps. The Montagnard goes up and down this log with swiftness and grace, but for Sister Karen and me it was a precarious procedure.

Once inside, it is completely bare except for a small fire giving a little light, and probably a great deal of smoke at times, since there is no chimney. Hanging suspended above the fire supported

by three sticks is the one big black kettle in which the day's rice is cooked. Wealth among the Montagnard consists of rice, corn, pottery, gongs, large kettles, their bows and arrows and the foot-long knife they carry in a sheath. Money is almost unknown to them. I wanted to take something back to the hospital to Phop to prove that we had really visited his village, but all I could find was a gourd made from a dried squash. As much as we enjoyed our visit we had to bid goodbye and go on with our journey.

The next village welcomed Sister Louise with open arms and Sister explained to us that three years ago when she first came, the people were very unfriendly, but gradually after many visits to the sick, their attitude changed to one of friendliness. As we walked through the village Sister pointed out to us a log split in half and hewn out—somewhat in the shape of a boat. This is the way the people bury their dead and as death is commonplace among them, they usually keep a casket or two on hand. Then we followed her across



Sr. M. Marguerite (left) and Sr. M. Brendan, talking with Vietnamese children in a mountain village.

First Vows, Philadelphia, August 15, 1961

Sr. M. Amata Pfaff, Phila., Pa.
Sr. Bernadette Marie Town, Utica, N. Y.
Sr. M. Bibiana Desroches, Syracuse, N. Y.
Sr. M. Clarita Rivera, Puerto Rico
Sr. M. Cynthia Imperial, Philippine Is.
Sr. M. Elizabeth Anne Keller, Sioux City, Ia.
Sr. M. Eugene McGlone, Sellersville, Pa.
Sr. Maria Gracia Navata, Philippine Is.
Sr. M. Hilda Ierino, Chicago, Ill.
Sr. M. Jacinta Conlon, Montreal, Can.
Sr. M. Jonathan O'Shaughnessy, Ont., Can.
Sr. M. Kenneth Froehlich, Johnstown, Pa.
Sr. M. Lois Boehm, Le Center, Minn.
Sr. M. Lorraine, Park Ridge, Ill.
Sr. Monica Marie Marinko, Cleveland, Ohio
Sr. M. Valentina Kangleon, Philippine Is.

Final Vows

In Philadelphia

Sr. M. Gervaise Demers, Alto., Can.
Sr. M. Isabelle Healy, Buffalo, N. Y.

In Venezuela

Sr. M. Bernard Tunnicliff, St. Louis, Mo.
Sr. Joseph Marie Ouellette, E. Islip, N. Y.

In India

Sr. F. Marie Lourdes Tobin, Nagpur, India
Sr. M. Suzanna Cook, Everett, Wash.
Sr. Marie Goretti Poovathunkal, Thudanganad, Kerala, S. India

a crude bridge and at a good distance from the main village we came upon another little group of four or five huts. Among this particular tribe of the Montagnards, those who contract leprosy are expelled from the village and left to die. Several of the little boys now with Sr. Louise, are children who were expelled and picked up by Sister on one of her trips to the area.

Back at the Leprosarium we hurried through supper and then were guests of honor at a little program given by the children. There is one building that serves as a temporary recreation center at night. When we were seated they pulled out a huge gong and rang it a few times, soon the patients began to appear from all directions to sing and dance with their primitive instruments. The Montagnards have a great love for music, they sing with much expression and facility. They even learn their Bible history in song . . . At one stage of the entertainment, I felt a nudge at my side and Sister Karen said, "Look at those little girls over there catching the insects and eating them." This is not unusual for these people who also eat such delicacies as roast rat.

April 27th started again with our trip's motto: "*Vite, vite, vite* . . . there is not much time." With a truckload of happy and singing children, we headed for Kontum and the enthronement ceremonies of Bishop Seitz. Along the way we taught the little Montagnard children . . . "Do a deer, a female deer," etc. and "Old MacDonald Had a Farm." Within ten minutes they were repeating E I E I O with great gusto.

As all of the ceremonies were held out in the open we had no trouble finding a spot where we could view the procession and the whole congregation awaiting to share this time of joy with their beloved Bishop. It was an impressive sight to see all the Vietnamese on one side and all the Montagnards in their primitive costume on the other. The singing and praying was also done in the language of both peoples.

At 12:30 p.m. we heard a short but lovely concert of bamboo music at the Sisters of Charity School. The Sisters take young Montagnard girls for a period of about four years and teach them elementary hygiene, sewing, cooking and simple reading, writing and weaving. The musical instruments for the concert consisted of seven or eight large bamboo poles cut at various lengths to produce different notes. The principle of the instrument is very much like a xylophone except that instead of striking the poles with a hammer, a group of several people at each end, clap their hands together with a cupping motion, over the openings of the poles. Each clap has to be in harmony, so it is not as easy as it looks. The sound produced resembles nothing I have ever heard before.

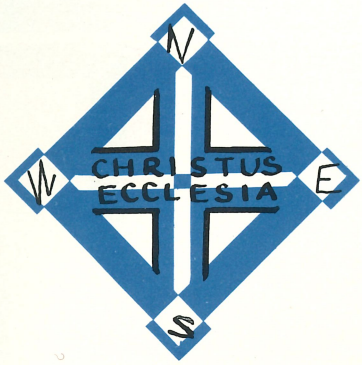
We were still touring the small school when we noticed that the banquet being given in honor of Bishop Seitz was over. We then thought it prudent to follow the cortege wherever it went from then on, to make sure we would not miss the plane back to Quinhon.

The procession finally made its way into the school for the Montagnard catechists. Following a tribal custom of the people, the visiting ecclesiastical hierarchy was invited to partake of the "jar," or "*gouter a la jarre.*" This is done as a sign of friendship and is always performed at big family celebrations such as weddings, the birth of a child, etc. In the middle of the platform a large *jarre* was standing with several large straws in it and, in turn, the Archbishops and Bishops and peo-

ple took a sip of the mixture of rice wine that it contained.

At 2:30 p.m. we were once again boarding a plane . . . this time headed back to our own abode in Quinhon. Just before landing we had the opportunity to admire our little hospital garden with its lawn in the shape of a *croix hospitalaire* and the lovely flowers that have begun to grow.

By 4:30 p.m., I was back in my maternity ward, trying to answer all the questions my patients were asking about our trip.



Mission Sunday

October 22, 1961

The missionary spirit and the Catholic spirit are one and the same thing. Catholicity is an essential note of the true Church. This is so to the extent that a Christian is not truly faithful and devoted to the Church if he is not equally attached and devoted to her universality, desiring that she take root and flourish in all parts of the world.

P. P. XII

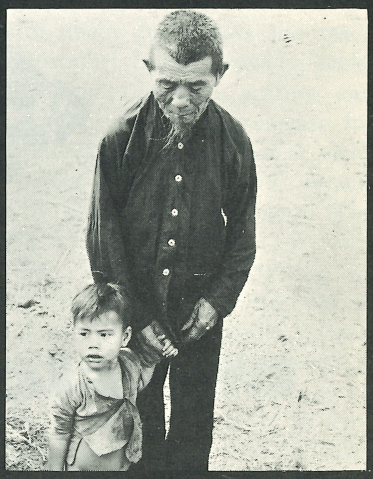
Support the missions by your prayers and sacrifices.

"The Very First Thing that Cannot be Denied is the Right of Others to Live." (Albert Camus)

Unwilling to live under the dictatorial yoke of Communism, 800,000 Vietnamese in 1954, fled en masse to the South under the Government of Free Vietnam. The majority of these refugees were Catholics who left all they had to preserve their Faith—which had been sealed by the blood of 10,000 martyrs in 300 years.

Today in Quinhon, South Vietnam, where 50,000 of these heroic refugees have begun life anew, we have opened another Holy Family Hospital. It is the only Catholic Hospital in this Diocese of 2,500,00 people.

These people deserve all the medical skill and care we can give them. Will you help us to give them our best? (Here is what is still needed for the Laboratory where many lives may be saved through the aid of accurate and rapid diagnoses.



Beakers	8.40	Stains, reagents and dyes	200.00
Centrifuge (6 tubes)	70.00	Sterilizer	93.00
Centrifuge tubes, gross	25.00	Syringes per doz.	25.00
Dessicator	21.00	Test tube racks, ½ doz.	18.00
Internal timer clock	10.45	Test tubes - per case	21.17
Microscope, binocular	600.00	Blood Cell counter	5.00
Pipettes, red and white (doz.)	12.00	Water Bath	135.00
Pipette shaker (for 2)	28.00	Blood gas apparatus	175.00
Slides, per gross	3.00	Cylinders, 2 doz.	34.78
Spectrophotometer	453.00	Hotplate, electrical	16.50

MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS, PHILADELPHIA 11, PA.

Dear Sisters:

Here is my gift of $_____ for your hospital in South Vietnam.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

the
medical
past of

INDO-CHINA

救人一命
勝造七級浮屠

Better to save one man's life
Than to build a seven story pagoda.

Ancient Chinese medical literature, although of little scientific significance, makes interesting reading. A famous work, the *Neiching* (ca. 1000 B.C.), points out the social relationships between the different parts of the body. Each organ corresponds to a color, taste and time of day, has a parent and friends but also enemies. For example, the heart is the son of the liver; the son of the heart is the stomach. Its friend is the spleen, and its enemy is the kidney. Red is its color and summer its season.

Because they had an inadequate knowledge of human structure and function and because their religion forbade drawing of blood and mutilation of body, the Chinese practiced almost no surgery. However, two medical procedures, moxa and acupuncture enjoyed wide vogue.

Moxa consists of the application and lighting of small cones all over the body. The practice was probably introduced into Chinese medicine from Egypt. Acupuncture is the pricking of the body with coarse or fine needles which are sometimes also twisted in stretched skin. Both these procedures were used for purposes of counter-irritation in rheumatic disorders.

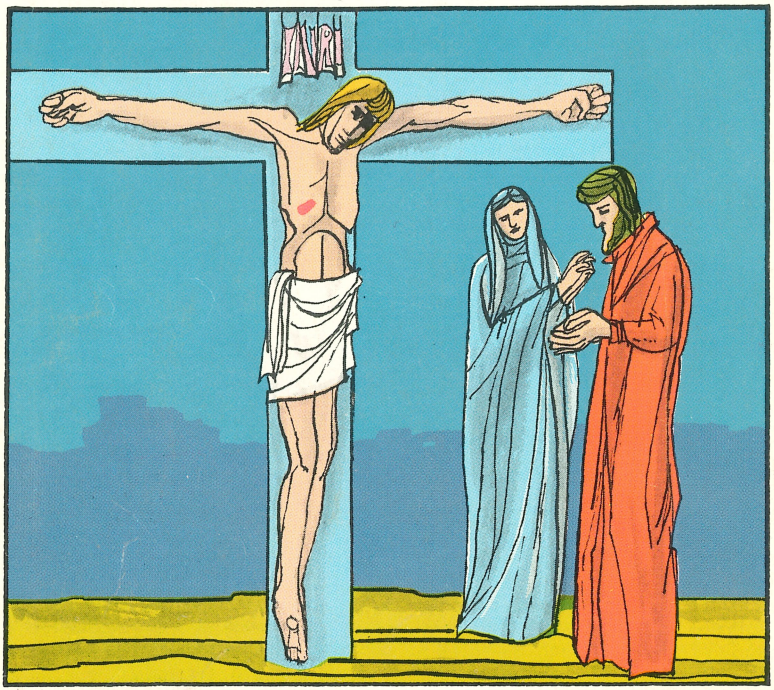
Chinese pathology is characterized by its over-abundant detail—10,000 varieties of fever and 31 shades of tongue are described. Much importance was paid to the pulse as a diagnostic aid.

The Chinese were clever at massage and were the first to use the blind as masseurs. Preventive inoculation against smallpox was known to them.

The ancient Chinese were also noted for a highly developed pharmacopoeia and for their annual statistical records of disease, which were kept from as early as 1105 B.C.

Mrs. Edward Froehlich
339 Southmont Blvd.
Johnstown, Pa.

When Jesus, therefore, saw His mother and the disciple whom He loved standing by, He said to His mother,



"Woman, behold, thy Son". Then He said to the disciple, "Behold thy mother." And from that hour the disciple took her into his home.

JOHN 19:25-27